

## JONES SAYS JESS WILLARD IS MODEL

Veteran Manager Eulogizes His Fat and Untrained Champion.

## BIG ONES ARRIVE

Hot Springs Entertains a Host of Our Sporting Celebrities.

(By WALTER M. EBEL.)

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., April 15.—"Of the eight prominent pugilists whose affairs I have been connected with, three of which while under my management I have seen come from the ground up, as it were, to world champions, none of them have been as easy to handle as the relations between manager and champion as pleasant and agreeable as has the greatest one who ever pulled on a glove, the present heavyweight champion of the world, Jess Willard."

The foregoing statement was made by Tom Jones, manager for Willard, while in a reminiscent mood in the lobby of the Arlington hotel, where he and Mrs. Jones have come for a three week's rest and course of baths. The champion's manager did not lack for company. He was met at the station by his friend, W. B. "Bat" Materson, President Gus Strauss and Secretary George L. Belding of the Business Men's league, and the ink on the Arlington's register had hardly become dry before Tommy Burns, former heavyweight champion who is doing preliminary work in this city, and Johnny Ertle, claimant to the bantam crown Kid Williams declines to release, and Ertle's manager, M. McNulty, called to pay their respects. Harry Edwards, one of the best-known sporting men in Philadelphia, who is president of the Olympia club of the Quaker city, is registered at the same hotel. Carl Morris, the Oklahoma giant, who last week administered a lacing to "Gunboat" Smith in Tulsa, has written friends that he will soon be back in the spa, and with Willard himself booked to pass the next two weeks with his sporting, the circle of well-known manager celebrities will be complete.

**Papke Coal Driver.**

"Papke, Wolcott and Willard were the three," continued Jones, "who, as I stated before came from the ground up." It was, I think, in 1906, when I was running a saloon in La Salle, Ill., that I first met Papke, who was then driving a coal wagon. I also had a boxing club in LaSalle at time and Billy came to my place with a ton of coal I had ordered. I had heard he was a rather tough lad and had put it over several of the local boys, and he told me he would like to box in my club. There wasn't any of the local boys around to try him out, so I put the gloves on with him. About that time, there breezed into La Salle a half-breed, and he was certainly some tough nut. When it came to pull the show I hadn't matched Papke with any of our local talent, and I told him the only man I could get was with the half-breed. Billy was willing, and on the night

of the fight, fearing the half-breed would knock Papke's head off, I put eight-ounce gloves on both men. Billy knocked out the half-breed in three rounds, and from the time he came under my management and it was not long before he was champion.

"It was in California, at the suggestion of Jim Jeffries, that I took up Wolcott. He came to me one day and told me that he thought he could make money for both of us, and I became his manager. He wasn't long in arriving either. In 19 months he was champion of the world in his class, fighting in that time over fifty battles.

**Many Champions.**

"The business affairs of Stanley Ketchel, Jeffries, Johnny Coulton, Abe Attel and Freddie Welsh were also handled off and on by me. Welsh made his first trip to the Pacific rings under my management. He was not champion then. It was out there he first met Brock and McFarland. "Billy Lynch, a friend of mine, who was at the time alderman in Grand Rapids, Mich., suggested I take over Stanley Ketchel. I went there and signed a contract with Ketchel and three weeks later he was killed. I was with Wolcott at the time. Stanley was a great fighter. La Salle, Ill., also witnessed the first flash Johnny Coulton showed, and after Johnny left my management his old dad never closed articles for any bout without consulting me. I always took an interest in Johnny and the old man appreciated it, too."

## "READY" IS WORD MUSKOGEE SENDS

Heinie Maag's Bunch of Pastimers Look Good to Fans There.

Special to The World.

MUSKOGEE, April 15.—Heinie Maag has trimmed down his Met crew until there are now twenty players, good, passing and otherwise, on hand to await the final word from Heinie, which he says will be some time this week.

Heinie and the fans, who hang on Owen field like flies to a molasses barrel, since the bug began to crawl, say that the Mets will start out the season about ninety per cent good. That shades last year when the outfit got off away behind the field with a second-rate aggregation. In the first place, Heinie had the pick of last year's team to work with and the fans believe he has Dave Tacke backed into the discard when it comes to judging a ballplayer.

The bright particular stars of last year's team are here. When Little Lefty Huey, the pride of Muskogee and Arkansas university, arrived in town the other day, Heinie's joy was complete. The diminutive southpaw is as weezened as a last year's bird-nest, having spent a month in the trenches with the measles which will leave him on the bench for the opening of the season, so to speak. But Webber, Long, Masters, Salisbury and the elongated Bishop have their arms polished and are ready for the curtain to go up. Bishop is the only recruit on the pitching staff and he looks good.

As to the rest of the aggregation, it is pretty definitely arranged that Tony Anderson, who held down the center garden last year, will occupy rightfield this year, and that Joe Rob-

## Once Overs From the Press Box

By X. Q. JINX.

All down the lime-lined track I see The spiked army fly, 'Mid beat of drums and trumpets blow And grandstands all a-cry. Before them lies the heated stretch, Aparching in the sun, And many a pennant hope will wait Before their race is run. For men may toil and men may strive, But when the battle dies They'll find but one lone pennant there, Aflapping in the skies.

With the big league season but an infant, there's no use in attempting to make any predictions about the pennant race far into the dim and hazy time to come. Sixteen big league detachments have flung themselves bodily into the scramble, all mad with the zest of the play, and all fired with enthusiasm and zeal to snatch the well-known bacon for their own respective and, in most instances, respectable cities.

What does the season hold? Well, if we knew we wouldn't deign to notice Vandy or John D., or any of the hardrocks contingent when the leaves, now budding, have been transformed to resemble Joseph's coat. If any body knew, the game would soon grow so unpopular as to be a burden even to the grasshopper.

It is even too early to draw any tangible line on the different teams. One unequivocal assertion can be made, however. They all look pretty good. Probably never since the ancient and honorable game was sprung on an unsuspecting public, even when it was ancient rounders, has any season opened so auspiciously or promised so much.

While some of the teams seem a bit better balanced than the others, while experts favor this camp or the

inson, the league's heavy hitter, who assayed to play the role of a third-baseman last year, will be seen in centerfield throughout the season. Wetzel, a newcomer, will take views in the left garden.

The infield is in rather an unfinished state but Maag will cover the second mound. That seems certain. Frank Synek, who tried to make amends for Biff Eunik's bobble on that bag last year, and who succeeded in making good at it, will find a place at third where he is apparently just as much at home as on second. Little Gyp Haley, the Marcelline of baseball, who was shoved from pillar to post by Tacke, has been coveting around the bases like a veteran and there is a likelihood that he may act as relief man on the sacks. With Eddie Palmer, the home-run field, growing around with a delicate collar bone, Gyp may be stuck in at short until Eddie's limbs sprout again. Cook and Enloe, who have been sticking around all season in the expectation of landing a berth, will be given further tryouts before they are handed the slips and one or the other of these two may wait for Eddie to grow up again.

What worries Maag most is the receding position. Frank Cox, of last year's team, is here and Ervin and McManis, shipped in from elsewhere, have been doing fairly consistent work. But Maag realizes that it was weakness in this position that lost last year's season. He is spending more time on this position than on any other. He says it's going to work out all right and that when the season opens, he'll have a receiving staff that can't be beaten. Heinie's ready.

"I see that automobiles are quipped with snubbers."

"They frequently ride in them, too."

other, it's a hair-splitting distinction for the most part and the turning of an ankle or the dislocating of an arm might spread a coat of another hue on the whole landscape.

At present, besides the fight for the early lead in the two big canvases, the white light is dancing about the two first water luminaries in their respective communities. Cobb and Kauff. "Who is this Cobb guy?" queried Kauff when told that Ty was the man he would have to beat for first honors. Will Tyrus demonstrate, or will he lose the big top to the chubby Rothamite? This is what is keenly interesting the millions of men and boys who call themselves fans. Many believe that Kauff, as a ball-player, is a sweet little talker, while others are inclined to give him credit for is-karat stuff. Well, be it what may, the heartbreaking grind of the summer campaign will tell the tale.

In our immediate vicinity, while we may devote a portion of our thoughts to the big circuit, we are reserving a little corner for our own bushers. The local season is of our doorstep, and what we are expecting our Producers to do is occupying more of our thoughts than whether the Giants or Phillies will swing into space later in the season.

Advice from all over the Western spread are to the effect that the teams are all primed for the first curtain and the Allie Ike will be paying court to some other camp at the time appointed. Tulsa people believe that the Producers are stronger than they have ever been before and that they are sure to get a season ticket for a front row.

But it's the same old hope eternal all over the world, and if our teams do not spring under the wire, there are other seasons you know.

## OPTIMISM ABOUNDS IN SENATOR'S CAMP

Admit They Have the Best Team in the World at Oklahoma City.

Special to The World.

OKLAHOMA CITY, April 15.—Oklahoma City will start in the Western association race next Thursday fully 25 per cent stronger than last season, when she finished second and gave the Railroaders a hard run for the pennant.

An outfield that will be far better than 1915 and an infield good for more than 250 makes an offensive that will be hard to stop. From the way the pitchers have been going the last week, and the way the fielders have been grabbing everything within reach, the Senatorial defense suffered nothing from the many changes made in the team.

Not an outfielder of last year's team is back, and Glenn Dameron is the only 1915 infielder still with the team. Bowley on the receiving end and Dennis on the delivery side are the only 1915 battery men returned. In place of big John King, the strongest man in the league last year, Bob McCabe, a midget, will be found in leftfield, but a gain of nearly two hundred pounds in batting and quite a bit in fielding has been made by the change. In center, where Nig Hall played last year, will be found Charles Payne from the Nebraska state league, a big, powerful boy who has batted better than 300 in class D baseball for the last four years. Replacing Roy Allen in right is Ray Nagle, who batted .314 for Paris last season.

Brannon at third looks a decided improvement over Eunik, so far as fielding is concerned, but he probably will not be able to bat quite so consistently, although he looked good with the stick during the exhibition games. Montague will be hard pushed to fill Kilduff's shoes at short, but at that he appears to be a more consistent fielder than the boy the Senators sent to Omaha. Statistics show that Snapp is better than Maag, who preceded him at second, both in the willow and in fielding. On first again will be Glenn Dameron and he expects to have a year like his first, when he batted .357.

It is said that in the receiving department the Senators have secured Shaffer, a giant from Texas, who looks like the making of a remarkably good player. Besides being a good winder, he is a terrific hitter and a consistent one.

The pitching staff has not been reduced beyond six, but any four will make an efficient flinking department. These are Dennis, Plunker, Vaughan, Haug and Phillips, right-handers, and Taylor, left-handed.

## DARK HORSE THIS SEASON IS TULSA

Others May Boast but Producers Are Waiting to Demonstrate.

(By X. Q. JINX.)

There's got to be a "dark horse" in every league at the beginning of every season. It happens as regular as the rent collector. It's a sort of tradition, an institution. Fans expect a "dark horse" of some description. It may pan out to be a spavined, broken-down dray animal before the season is half way, or it may develop into a 210 pounder, but it's qualities must be obscured in a coat of jet black when the season arrives.

It's great for the sport writers too. They can weave most any kind of story about the unfortunate hunch and get away with it. Of course being the shady quadruped has its compensations. For instance, if the team in question makes a stunning get-away and romps under the wire, then the fans are jubilant and nothing is too good for the "ole hoss." Flezie and the fans say, "well it's as good as we expected," and turn their eyes on the season's ahead.

And so Tulsa is elected to the "dark horse" stall this year. (The word stall is used advisedly.) The Producers are tagged. They're "it." Nobody is quite sure just where they belong in the tentative arrangement, and nobody is quite sure which end will bob up when the water is first struck.

Sure there are the pre-season outfits that smile and flatter the group who always see the glitter, whether it is there or not. They are loud and



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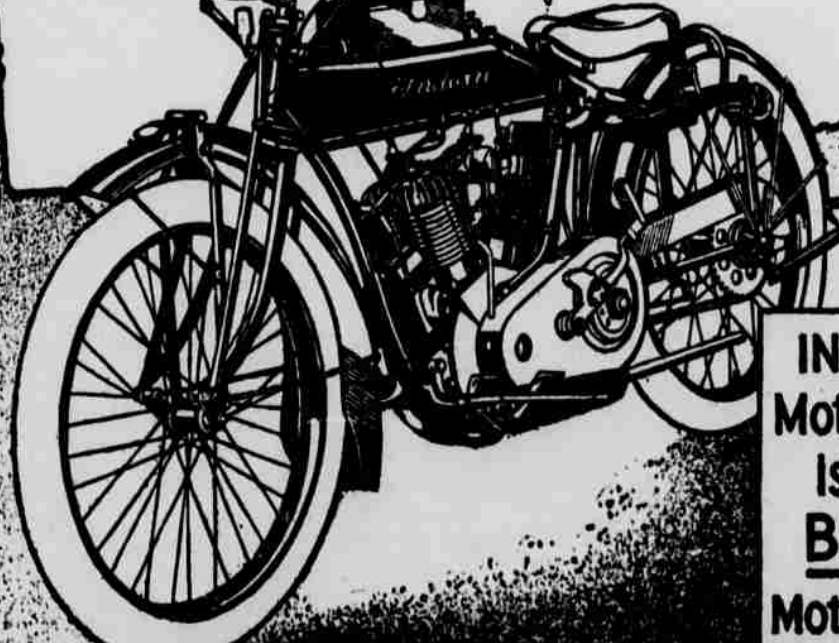
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